

Theodore Roosevelt a Many-Sided Man



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To the majority of Americans the mention of the name of Theodore Roosevelt will conjure up memories of Rough Riders and the fighting at San Juan. A few will talk of the days when Roosevelt was a Police Commissioner in New York City, and then a blank.

Theodore Roosevelt in the East and the Theodore Roosevelt of the West are such totally distinctive characters, one might almost imagine totally distinct characters, that a reference to the famous Governor-Rough Rider colonel's career in the cattle country may be of interest.

Something less than twenty years ago there appeared on the border land of Western Dakota a studious young man, wearing eye glasses, who, in company with a friend, bought a cattle ranch in the lowlands, and deliberately set out to be a ranchman. The cattle industry was then practically the only business in that section, and its profits and perils had attracted many wealthy young men from the East and from England. His arrival in no way excited the locality, which had already grown accustomed to the advent of "tenderfoot" with money, and which was very strongly disposed to paraphrase the Scriptural warning that a fool and his money are soon parted by substituting the tenderfoot for the fool.

It must be recorded, however, on behalf of Theodore Roosevelt that he went at the cattle business earnestly and worked industriously. Whether he worked successfully or not is not known. In that locality a successful tenderfoot would have been a wonder; and probably Roosevelt was that kind of a wonder. Certain it is that he was several other kinds.

For instance, he wore glasses. This eccentricity was almost as much a source of astonishment to the cowboys as to the Indians—the former declaring that they could not understand how a man could see through glasses; that it must dim his sight, etc. The Indians on the other hand, regarded the glasses as "medicine," a word best explained by its equivalent in African—"fetich."

Now, the cowboy, the genuine, native-born cowboy of the West, never reads and rarely considered anything of sufficient importance to be read. His horse, saddle, "chaps," blankets and pistols constituted his household effects, easily transportable and of small compass. Roosevelt had books. As the cowpunchers put it in wonder and amazement, he had books by the yard, by the mile. And read 'em!

Now the wearing of eye glasses and the reading of books were eccentricities fairly referable to the fact that he was a tenderfoot. But, strangely, the man could ride. To ride, in cowboy parlance, means much. And when your cowboy says a man can ride he does not by any means refer to the ability to balance one's self on a gentle cob during a canter in the park: It means—well it means to ride as the cowboy rides, anywhere, everywhere, on any sort of a horse, with any sort of gait, at any speed.

And then, with many Western excursions, they were forced to own that he could shoot; shoot deer and antelope and bear, running, standing, coming or going! This was not to be expected of a young man with glasses and a boyish, beaming smile, but it was true, nevertheless. Not only

could he shoot, but he would hunt for days and nights for a chance to shoot, preferring, if he could find it, the great grizzly bear of the mountains, whom every one else sought to avoid.

All this was astonishing enough. But there remained the most remarkable thing of all. He would fight.

Balancing his Western virtues, that is to say his ability to ride, shoot and to fight, against his vices, that is to say his tendency to reading and his habit of wearing glasses, and the balance was found in his favor. He was voted "all right."

By persistent work, constant hunting and honest dealing, Roosevelt made his way with the rough Western element in which he lived, and came to be respected and admired. The "round-ups" brought him into contact with thousands of cowboys from the ranges of the South as well as those of the North, and his fame, helped along by story and legend, soon spread over the cattle country. His horsemanship, in particular, won him commendations. And the ability to ride, in a rough country, on rough horses, for long distances, may be considered a fair test of human character. At all events he succeeded in endearing himself to the cowboy element and in learning its value. It was the knowledge there gained that enabled him to seek the rough riders of the West, when, with Colonel, now General, Wood, he organized the famous regiment that saw service in Cuba. And it was the cowboys' knowledge of him and of Wood, a similar character, by the way, that induced them to flock to his standard.

At that time Roosevelt had already been in politics in the East and, as nearly as the writer remembers, had served a term in the Legislature at Albany. Since then his name has been in every one's mouth, either as Police Commissioner, defying Tammany; as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as a Rough Rider Colonel or otherwise. Yet Roosevelt was the child of luxury and of wealth, who took to the tense hardships of plain and mountain from innate desire, from love of sport, from excess of vitality.

From fighting grizzly bears to fighting political battles; from thence to fighting departmental red tape, in his office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy; from thence to the actual war in Cuba, the transitions were simple and natural. His robust, pugnacious was everywhere pre-eminent. It is told of Roosevelt, for instance, that shortly after his arrival in the West he threatened a bully of great local renown, who was known as the terror of the neighborhood. His motto that the highest type of success in man was the result of strife, had already been exemplified in college.

As the Western story goes, the scene was in Montana during the big round-up. "Long Ike," as the local bully was known, was present, as usual, with his "shooting irons," his insulting language and his reputation. His appearance bore out his reputation. He was tall, broad-shouldered and extravagantly muscular. Roosevelt, with others, had taken shelter in the only saloon in the place, which was likewise the only place that afforded shelter. Ike swaggered over to where the meek-looking youngster was warming himself by the stove and demanded that he take a drink.

In these days and in that locality an invitation to drink was equal to a command. There was but one alternative—and that was fight. Roosevelt refused to drink; and Ike, who could scarce bring himself to believe that the young stranger would fight, stood stunned for a moment and then broke into a storm of insult, interlarded with frontier epithets. In an instant he was in the

grasp of the young athlete, and in another, despite his struggles, had measured his length on the floor.

Then Roosevelt dragged the bully to his feet and "ran" him out of the door, removing Ike's revolver from its holster as he did so.

Ike promptly returned, white with rage, and was treated to a repetition of the unexpected tenderfoot tactics. This time, however, the force with which he was thrown stunned him and it was several minutes before he recovered consciousness. When he did, he arose, walked out of the camp and never returned—much to the satisfaction of all hands.

As a Western ranchman and hunter Roosevelt's work was more than the mere securing of meat or trophies that adorn hallways. He was in essence a naturalist, went to classify the beasts of the prairie and the canyons in scientific fashion. He identified all the groups of bear in plain and hill, and showed that species long regarded as distinct were in reality the same, varying in appearance and condition with the season. He destroyed the reputation of the grizzly bear as a man fighter, killing him without stint, at long range and short, and making his position generally "untenable." It nevertheless remains true that mountaineers and plainsmen alike are not overfond of interviews with "Old Ephraim," as the grizzly is known among hunters.

Sixteen years ago, while Roosevelt was riding with one of his cowboys in the Dakota wilderness, the latter called his employer's attention to a curious formation of rock, just ahead of them. While they were looking at the rock, a low growl was heard and a huge head reared up from behind it. The cowboy instinctively leveled his rifle at the head and was about to fire when he heard his employer ordering him to desist.

"That's my bear," said Roosevelt. "If you shoot it, I'll shoot you."

The cowboy turned to look at his employer and found the latter's rifle leveled at the bear. Incidentally the cowboy's head was in line between the muzzle of Roosevelt's rifle and the head of bruin showing above the rock. There was, incidentally, a queer and novel gleam in Roosevelt's eye—all of which facts impressed themselves upon the rapid cowboy intelligence at a glance. He lowered his rifle and Roosevelt shot the bear.

It turned out, upon examination, that it was the record Dakota bear, weighing 1,200 pounds, and thenceforward the young millionaire ranchman with the eyeglasses was the bear-killing hero of the locality.

When the bear had been duly and accurately skinned and his hide stretched in the sun, the cowboy recovered his senses and explained that his object in aiming was out of regard for his employer's safety and that he had no idea of spoiling a shot for the latter. Then Roosevelt repented of his harshness and to make amends later presented his employee with a silver-mounted Winchester rifle and a pair of indestructible corduroy trousers—the latter the finest that Dakota had ever known.

In the same locality Roosevelt shared in an experience which would make the average Philadelphia fireman start. He aided in extinguishing a prairie fire by the unique process of dragging the half carcass of a steer over the burning ground at the end of ropes fastened to the saddle posts. This method the adaptation of the resourceful cowboy, is perhaps unknown in the East, where prairies are merely names and where steers cost money. In a rough country, over chasm, ridge, defile, canyon and coulee, from one firing of flame to another, the business of fighting fire assumes novel and trying aspects, and rarely is successful. But when the wind on the prairie dies down the simple contrivance of splitting the carcass of a steer, tying it by one foreleg to the saddle post of one rider and by the other to that of a second, one man riding on one side of the flames and another on the opposite side, thus forcing the heavy and bloody carcass over the line of flame, is sometimes effective. It is dangerous and difficult work, for horses, like all other brutes, have an extravagant fear of flames and rear and dance in their presence.

In this connection there occurs a reference to the relation between hunting and statesmanship, which, coming from Roosevelt's own pen seven years or more ago, now seems almost prophetic. In one of his published works, "The Wilderness Hunter," he says:

"It is worth noting now many of the leaders among our statesmen and soldiers have sought strength and pleasure in the chase or in kindred vigorous pastimes. Of course, field sports, or at least the wilder kind which entail the exercise of daring and the endurance of toil and hardships, and which lead men afar into the forests and mountains, stand above athletic exercise; exactly as among the latter, rugged outdoor games, like football and lacrosse, are much superior to mere gymnastics and calisthenics.

"With a few exceptions the men among us who have stood foremost in political leadership, like their fellows who have led our armies, have been of stalwart frame and sound bodily health. When they sprang from the frontier folk, as did Lincoln and Andrew Jackson, they usually hunted from their youth, if only as an incident in the prolonged warfare waged by themselves and their kinsmen against the wild forces of nature. Old Israel Putnam's wolf killing feat comes strictly under this head."

It is a singular coincidence that the chairman of the convention that nominated this same young man for the Vice Presidency was once upon a time a hunting companion of the youthful nominee. Roosevelt, by the way, is a youth as a Vice Presidential candidate—he is but 42 years. But in Roosevelt's earlier hunting days he was fond of riding to the hounds in the Genesee valley, where Mr. Wadsworth's famous pack had their habitat. Writing of one hunt, with its jumps over stiff timber, its falls and scrambles, he notes that out of a field of twenty-five riders on that occasion but four survived the run to the finish or "dead." Henry Clay Lord Lodge and himself being two of

the lucky ones. It may be fairly surmised that as the two men sat on the platform together last week both may in odd moments have reverted back to that long-ago scene, and even thought of themselves as two of the lucky ones who soon destined to be in at every political death.

After a stormy career in the office of Police Commissioner of New York City, in which he sought to strictly enforce an excise law with which he was avowedly not in sympathy, Roosevelt remained in private life but a short time, when he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. This berth, heretofore a sort of dignified clerical position, underwent a sudden shaking up in his hands. Ancient and venerable attaches of pompous mind promptly found themselves at work. The new Assistant Secretary had an extraordinary habit of asking questions, demanding reports, issuing orders and generally hurrying things, exceedingly painful to the political humors of the bureau. Broadclothed chief clerks, whose thoughts had always been of receptions, dinners, promotions, pensions or increased salaries, discovered that they were expected to work, discoveries which, needless to say, were exceedingly distasteful. Excuses were no longer accepted, and when naval officers asked for permission to use ammunition in target practice, they were met with orders to use every ounce they had and then call for more. Various tottering dodos, the relics of previous administrative appointments, looked up drowsily, rubbed their eyes, yawned and execrated the "young man" who was disturbing their slumbers. But Roosevelt went straight ahead. In his office every morning before most of the clerks arrived, he remained late, adding to his official duties a punctilious attendance at those functions which make Washington the dread of the busy man. Having quickly exhausted the appropriation of \$800,000 for target practice, he called upon the appropriation committee for \$600,000 more.

Members of the committee were aghast. "What for?" demanded those from the Mississippi Valley and elsewhere inland where navies were unknown and unnecessary.

"For target practice," remarked the young man emphatically.

He got the \$600,000, and it all went for target practice. What the result was can be read in the naval battles of Manila and Santiago.

But just as his success in the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy was acknowledged there came the distant rumbling of the war with Spain, and Roosevelt's thoughts turned aside. With prompt bluntness he resigned his Secretaryship and proceeded to organize the Rough Riders.

In company with Leonard Wood, formerly an army surgeon, they invited the wild characters of the West, and those of the East as well, to join them in a unique organization of cavalrymen to serve in the war with Spain. An act of Congress was necessary, and he caused it to be promptly passed. It authorized the formation of two such regiments, but a part of one only, and that the one of which Roosevelt was Lieutenant Colonel, actually saw service in Cuba.

Many of the Rough Riders, on the other hand, had been cowboys, and while absolutely at home in the saddle, walked with difficulty and with that shambling, uncertain gait which marks the lifetime horseman when set afoot. They were, however, absolutely fearless and absolutely undisciplined, hating the confidence they felt in Wood and Roosevelt. When the army was disembarked in Cuba they marched with the others from Sagun to Siboney. The next day they started early in the direction of Sevilla, but fell into the Spanish line of fire at a place named Guasimas. All accounts agree that Roosevelt in the face of this fierce fusillade never lost his presence of mind, but cheered, urged and encouraged his men. It was the first taste of death in the Cuban campaign, and Roosevelt's command had the post of honor.

There rang out at Guasimas the one command: "Forward!" It rang out again at San Juan. There the Rough Riders, glaring through the fierce heat and drizzling damp over the slope toward the Spanish trenches, rushed forward at the head of an assemblage in which representatives of commands other than his own abounded. Professional opinions may differ as to the wisdom of this "rush," and there are many who believe it to have been premature. But it succeeded, and nothing else succeeds like success.—Frederick Staunton Gore, in the Philadelphia Times.

THE SAME OLD SIGN



BRYAN CANNOT PAINT IT OUT.

The Democrats, Populists, Silver Republicans and anti-Imperialists have formed a trust with a view to destroying all competition, and electing William Jennings Bryan President.

DOLLIVER ON THE ISSUES.

Senator J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa, has a vigorous article in the October Forum on "The Paramount Issues of the Campaign." He shows what are really the issues of the campaign, denies that the money question is dead, and maintains that the election of Mr. Bryan for the ensuing Presidential term is fraught with as much danger as it was in 1896. Following is an extract:

It will be admitted by every one whose mind is at all adapted to the consideration of such a subject, that the last four years have played sad havoc with the prophetic literature of Mr. Bryan's last campaign. If the patriarch Noah had predicted a drought instead of a deluge and had advocated a system of irrigation instead of building an ark, his friends and relatives would have had less reason to complain of him than Mr. Bryan's disciples now have to complain of their leader. He said that if the gold standard were continued prices would still further decline. But the prices of all products of labor have gone steadily up. He said that wages would decrease, and the employment of people, even then precarious, would still further fall. But wages have increased until, if we may believe Mr. Carroll D. Wright, they have reached the highest mark yet known in our industrial history, while the employment of the people is now universal and uninterrupted. Mr. Bryan said that the burden of debt would be multiplied by the increase of interest rates and the scarcity of money. But money was never so plentiful, and interest rates, tending still lower, were never so low before.

It is not claimed that things are going so well in the United States as could be wished; but it is not too much to say that things are going so much better than Mr. Bryan predicted that the general confidence in him as an apostle of the national deliverance has quite generally disappeared. Nobody doubts that his opinions on the subject of the free coinage of silver were sincere, and that very fact determines the issue of this campaign. There may be a wide difference of opinion as to the causes of the present prosperity of the people; but there is one thing which cannot be disputed, and that is, that the standard of value upon which the whole fabric of American business rests cannot be disturbed, or even put in serious jeopardy, without producing results fatal to the employment, investments, and enterprises of the whole community. The Democratic party has not put aside the silver question, because it has recanted its faith in the platform of 1896. It has begun talking about something else, simply because the old subject has become tiresome, and because the audience is so scattered that it is beyond even the eloquence of Mr. Bryan to bring them together again.

If any man doubts the real purpose that is in the minds of Democratic leaders, and the real motive that would control Mr. Bryan's administration, if he were elected President, let him recall the fact that while in the Kansas City Convention was sitting Mr. Bryan staked his political life on a demand, telephoned from his home at Lincoln that the platform of 1896 should be reiterated in the exact terms which he invented for use in the last Presidential campaign. His success, therefore, whatever else it may mean, foreshadows the exact legislation and administrative policy required to overthrow the old gold standard and plunge the country into new agitations, fatal as once to industry and commerce. It is in vain for men who have a stake in the national prosperity, whether they work for their living by the day or enjoy the prosperity, whether they work for their living by the day or enjoy the dividends of invested capital to silence their apprehensions to believing that the financial law of 1900, enacted by the Republican party against the protest of the Democrats in both Houses of Congress, has made it safe to vote the Democratic ticket again. The Secretary of the Treasury has given to the business world a timely admonition, that notwithstanding the new provisions of law, a single act of executive folly may, even now, throw away all the fruits of the victory of 1896.

BRYANITE FILIPINOS.

Recent developments in the Philippines will go far toward discrediting the Bryan campaign. Captured correspondence found on the persons of men high in the confidence of the Tagals and their leaders, which is made public from time to time by the War Department, shows conclusively that those Filipinos who are being paraded by the anti-Imperial Bryanites as patriots of the George Washington stripe are a band of cutthroats and murderers. It has been shown that they would enter the city of Manila and burn down the town and destroy not only American but foreign property, and do this for the purpose of making it appear that the United States Government cannot protect the lives and property of all people there. Several attacks have been planned which take the form and nature of a massacre, and which resemble more the plans of a band of savages, rather than of men supposed to be a band of organized soldiers fighting for their liberty. Loot, not liberty, is what the Aguinaldists demand; anarchy, not government; blood and butchery, instead of peace and prosperity.

The anti-Goebel Democrats of Kentucky are not only supporting Mr. Yerkes for Governor but thousands of them, remembering Mr. Bryan's unqualified indorsement of Goebellism, have declared their intention of voting for McKinley and Roosevelt. The prospect for a general political housecleaning in Kentucky this year is excellent.

A BILL OF PARTICULARS.

Mr. Bryan sneers at the declaration that Republican policy brought prosperity to laborers or to farmers. In his speeches in the West he calls for a bill of particulars. Most of the men who listen to him can answer his questions point blank. Those who were earning nothing and selling nothing in 1894 and 1895 saved nothing. Those who have been selling their surplus products and who have been earning good wages under Republican policy can point Mr. Bryan to their savings.

In 1894 there were 1,424,966 depositors in our national banks, 502,756 in State and private banks, 265,368 in loan and trust companies, and 3,413,477 in savings banks. In 1899 there were 1,991,183 depositors in national banks, 966,394 in State and private banks, 443,321 in loan and trust companies, and 4,254,516 in savings banks. Here is an increase of 2,109,547 in the number of depositors in banks. The value of deposits in 1894 was \$2,874,523,406. In 1899 the amount was \$4,608,096,005, an increase of \$1,733,566,599. The average deposit in banks was \$20 in 1894 and \$602 in 1899.

As if in direct answer to Mr. Bryan's insinuations, the figures in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and the Dakotas are particularly significant. The increase in deposits in North Dakota is over 100 per cent, or from \$2,275,795 in 1894 to \$5,050,000 in 1899. In South Dakota there has been an increase from \$2,953,463 to \$7,042,915, or an increase of \$4,089,452. In Nebraska there has been an increase from \$22,428,240 to \$35,726,105. In Kansas there has been an increase from \$17,147,160 to \$33,605,101, or an increase of \$16,457,941. When Mr. Bryan tells the people of any of these States that their condition is as bad under Republican rule as under the administration of Cleveland, the men, women and children with their savings in bank will rise up against him.

HEARST WARNS BRYAN.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, of the San Francisco Examiner, the New York Journal and the Chicago American, is one of the greatest of American expansionists. He gave Mr. Bryan a few words of advice in San Francisco Examiner April 27, 1899:

"We trust that Mr. Bryan will yet range himself in line with the National aspirations for expansion. The time has come, as it comes at intervals to every vigorous nation—when the old boundaries are too contracted for the pulsing life within them, and when the health of the body politic demands that room. The popular instinct understands the need for these periodical expansions, and every genuine statesman understands it, too.

"The popular instinct of a nation cannot be changed in sixteen months, nor can a creature of expediency be converted into a statesman by an appeal to the truths of history.

"MR. BRYAN MAY THINK HE IS CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE AND THAT HIS SILLY TALK ABOUT IMPERIALISM MOVES THEM, BUT HE WILL SOON FIND OUT THAT AMERICANS ARE AS MUCH IN FAVOR OF EXPANSION TODAY AS THEY WERE WHEN THEY APPLAUDED THE ACQUISITION OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY BY THAT NOTED IMPERIALIST, THOMAS JEFFERSON."

Never before in the history of Presidential campaigns have the supporters of a candidate been asked to believe that the platform means the reverse of what it says. The Democrats argue that Bryan will not do anything to advance the cause of silver, as he has promised to do. They are also being convinced that he would not retire the army from the Philippines as he has promised. Such an anomalous condition should not begot confidence.

The black man in North Carolina is denied his liberty and participation in the government, but as he lives in the United States he does not excite the sympathy of Bryan or get a word in his speeches.

The development in the Philippines of two islands which will produce enough rubber to supply not only this country but the world, will be a great thing for the United States. We now send abroad about \$30,000,000 annually for rubber. If all of this can be produced in our own dominions, besides sending an equal amount to foreign nations, so much the better for the United States, and this is also a further proof that there should be no "scuttling" policy in the Philippines.

It may at least console Mr. Bryan to know that, in case President McKinley is re-elected, times will be good for four years more and he can add still further to his pile.

The Democratic managers have already carried all of the States that they want, but it is understood that they will hold a few rallies in order to keep Mr. Bryan in practice.